# CALTHA

*Poetarum:*

Or

The Bumble Bee.

*Composed by* T. Cutvvode *Esquyre.*

*Non inferiora sequutus.*

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# TO THE CONCEITED

*Poets of our age.*

*Scribimus indocti doctiq; poëmata passim.* Pardon me Gentlemen & others that delight to write, if out of my own humor & knowledge of my selfe, I deliuer this cõceit before my booke, that all wee write is but conceit. And nothing pleaseth conceited mẽ more then to haue partners or acquaintances with their conceits. *Scire tuum nihil*

*eſt niſi, quod ſcis hoc ſciat alter*. Be it learned or not, yet the contriuing pleaſeth the humor, ſo the ſubiect be drawne out of the ſweete impreſsiõ of content. Being contriued, partialitie breeds either ſuch pittie, that the houres ſpent to our pleaſure, ſhould be blotted with obliuion, or ſuch hopes, that what we write, may meete with like affected humors, which may receiue it vvith ſome liking, as vve die if vve offer not the vvorld our conceits. The end is to our vvritings that are vnlearned, al one, as to the learnedſt Poems that are. For *Homer*, vvho immitated none, and

*Archilocus*,

*Archilocus*, who is compared with *Homer*, becauſe they only finiſhed their workes in their life. And *Virgil*, the curious Ape of *Homer*. *Ouid* the Amorous, *Martiall* the lycentious, *Horace*, the mixt betwixt modeſt & *Satirique* vaine. The flower of our age, ſweete pleaſing *Sidney*. *Taſſo* the graue. Polliſhed *Daniel* the Hiſtorick. *Spencer* the Truthes Faith. All theſe haue this only vſury of their pains, they pleaſe others & thẽſelues. In like maner, as we pleaſe our ſelues, ſo ſome are pleaſed with vs. For as theſe are admired & deified almoſt by the wiſeſt, the lernedſt, & the deepeſt ſighted

into great matters, the ignorant not being able to attaine vnto thē. So we are held among the inferior ſpirits, and are the litle Penates, to countrey, homely and lowe reaching wits, admired by ſuch, and religiouſly read, though neuer takē into the others hands. Are they then knowne? So are we. Are they not knowne to all? No more are we. Do they carp and ieſt at vs, if by chāce we fall into their fingers? Wee will crie quittance, for wee wil not vnderſtand them in ſome things, and touch them with an Ironicall Adage; *Quæ ſupra nos nihil ad nos.* Gentlemen & others, I pray

you

you let vs holde together for the preſeruatiõ of our reputation, and maintain the preſcription of our lowe ſubiects, leaſt *Apollos* muſick do quite drowne poore *Pan*, and the countrey Hornpipe be laid aſide. Alas, if the woods, the poore brooks, and the dales of the countrey, ſound not ſometime in our eares, as well as the Prince of *Riuers*, let the laſſes giue ouer laaking in the greene, and dauncing about the Maypole. It were great pittie the little *Cupids* Altars ſhould bee altogither defaced, from whoſe euer renuing influence, ſo many pleaſing ſubiects doo flowe into

our

our brains. For whilſt he cõtinues honored in the world, wee muſt once a yeare bring him vpon the ſtage, either dãcing, kiſsing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, leaping into their eyes, ſeating himſelf in their breaſts, cõmanding more then imperiouſly all the gods; or crying for childiſh peeuiſhnes; or metamorphoſed into many chãgeable ſhapes; or playing in a gardẽ as I do at this time; weeping, and againe ſtung with a Bee. There is a ſecret (but, I may not reueale the counſels & ſecrets of our ſtate of loue) which makes this young god, be to all men the

plaine

plain ſong to their deſcant of their In *Nomines*. It cannot be youth alone, for then old men could not dote, and young men might only claime priuiledge of loue frō the the God. What ſhould it then be? Surely, if not a ſecret influence in the beloued, I cannot diuine the reaſon. For if aged Trees were not ſuccoured with the Sun as well as yong plants, their decay would be ſudden. All ſorts do offer ſacrifice to him. Let all ſortes then be retained, deuoutly in the opinion of deuotion. For the aged no ſooner laught the yong man to ſcorn for louing, but ſtraightly hee doated.

Let

Let me I pray you abruptly thus end, leaſt I ſpeak too much, when I doubt my ſpeech will onely pleaſe my owne conceit.

*Yours T. Cutwode.*

# G. S. in commendation of the Authour.

Lyte hath by skilfull proofe reuealed to our ſight,
The vertue of each Plant; his hurtfull harme or good:
Wherein the buſie Bee, approues her pure delight,
Selecting thence eſſentiall ſweet pleaſing food:
For vs, as for her ſelfe, as none but Lyte and ſhee,
In Natures ſacred ſchoole, ſo learned ſeeme to bee.

So Cutwode Lyte, like proues, in cũning with the Bee,
Frõ loue and bewties force youths bloſſoms in his prime:
To ſearch and trie the ſweete from age, alſo doth hee,
Taſte what is good or bad, a vertue or a crime,
Without offence or fault, by Flower, Plant, or Tree,
Perſons of good worth are ment, conceale thus doth hee.

Oft ayming at the Nimph the obiect of his mind,
Whom Caltha or Marygold, he cals himſelfe a Bee:

To

*To some her coy conceit, to him how she is kind,*
*He shewes by wit diuine and pure conceit we see:*
*How youth doth age disdain & cũningly beguile, (smile.*
*Which whilst his Nimph beholds, shee cannot chuse but

*And yee who earst to sing of loue her pleasant laies,*
*Busied haue bene, from forth* Minerua *her brest:*
*The sweet to taste by rare deuise your fame to raise,*
*Admire his skill and choyce conceit most purely prest.*
*From homebred soyle and* Nature *he it hither brings.*
*By birth from noble progeny (lo) thus he sings.*

# *Caltha Poetarum.*

1

MY Herball booke in Folio I vnfold,
I pipe of Plants, I ſing of ſõmer flowers,
But chiefly on the Mayden Marygold,
and of the Daiſie, both braue Belamours:
Trophies for Kings, Impreſe for Emperours,
Garlands to beare vpon the braue Enſignes
Of Knights, of Peeres, of princely Palladines.

2.

Then (*Flora*) come thou floriſhing fair Queen,
oh child of *Maia* thou muſt be my Muſe,
To gird my temples with thy gawdy greene,
and with thy fuming flowers my front infuſe
With Koſes, Paunſyes, Pinks, as Poets vſe
With Lawrel Bay, and Baucis neuer old,
For to attend my Virgin Mary-gold.

3

Lend me thy Purple and the Pall depainted,
thy faire enameld mantle thou didſt weare,
Whē firſt thou cam'ſt Idolatryz'd & ſainted,
inſtalled by the bewtie of the yeare:
Oh lend to me that garment and that geare,
So that my verſes they may ſweetly ſmell,
And I aboue all ſiuet may excell:

4.

And you (fair damſels) you who danc't that day
when heauenly *Flora* firſt was holified,
That mightie miſtres, this ſame child of May,
come hither ſweetings, come ſit by my ſyde:
Tune to my ſong and ſee what will betyde,
Bring timbrils, pipe & harpe, & heare me play,
And lye thee a while, and liſten to my lay.

5.

There is a Citie lying neare the North,
By name ycleaped *Nycol* heretofore,
Where ancient *Lacyes*, men of mickle worth,
were Rulers many a hundreth yeares of yore,
And domineerd with dignitie and power.
Thy Earldome (*Nycol*) thē did bear great ſway,
But Earldoms, Earles & Counties now decay.

This

6.

This Citie it is ſeated on a hill,
whereas the faithleſſe Iewes did ſacrifice,
And did the corps of young ſir *Hugo* kill,
wherefore the Chriſtians him did canoniſe,
And built a Temple in moſt ſumptuous wiſe,
Where *Hugo* lies interred in a ſhrine,
For to be ſeene at this ſame preſent time.

7.

This Temple takes his name of good ſir *Hugh*,
and with his loftie pinacles doth looke,
And doth his famous running Riuer view,
where faire *Tarenta* Lady of that brooke,
Doth glyde into each Angle, and each nooke:
And with a ſiluer ſnakie twine ſhe runs,
To father *Humber*, whylom king of *Huns*.

8.

But ſoft and faire this fitteth not my vaine
Of Chroniks craft I haue but litle skill,
Vnto my Herbadge I will go againe,
for that draws beſt acquaintance to my quill:
Therefore you faire ſweet Virgins ſit you ſtill.
For in this Citie which I did rehearſe,
Doth dwell the very ſubiect of my verſe.

9.

There planted is a Garden (not by Art)
nor any cunning of the Craftsmans skill,
But euen by *Nature*, who hath playd her part,
to be our chiefe and ſpeciall worker ſtill:
Whoſe eſſence takes ſhe from the makers will,
That frameth all things by his mightie power,
Both trees and Plants, and euery prety flower.

10.

Heere is no talke of the forbidden Tree,
(as was in *Edoms* Orchard at the firſt)
Nor Serpent hiſsing with his ſubtletie:
when as the ſimple man became accurſt:
And from that Garden into thraldome thruſt,
Heere is no ſpirit with a flaming ſword,
As Gardiner to ſome great and mightie Lord.

11.

Both Earth and Firmament doth fauour it,
Bedabling with the dewe of heauenly drops
The raies of Sun doth ſweetly ſauour it,
making it ſprout with tall and tender tops:
Of many kinds of ſmelling knubs and knobs,
When as the ſheading of our Aprill ſhowers
Do breake their bunches foorth to leaues and
(flowers.

12.

There ſprings the princely redroſe & the white
as Chaires of State and high imperial place,
where they two famous houſes do vnite: (race,
whēce comes our kings & queenes of Regall
Vnder the Gods that do protect their grace
Whoſe ſtirp & ſtock frō beds of Roſes breede,
Borne and begotten of that ſweet faire ſeede.

13.

Next to the Roſes, growes the Flower-deluce,
the flower of ancient *Lewis* Lord of *France*,
Whoſe goldē leaues of that ſame goodly *Luce*,
did *Lewis* long maintain with manlike lance
Till *Albions* Enſigne did the ſame aduance.
Whē Engliſh Edward third of that ſame name,
By battle bold brought in this flower of Fame.

14.

Next vnto it, the pretie Pauncyes ſprings,
all in a ranck in borders and in beds,
Who repreſents a geanalog of kings,
with purple crowns vpō their princely heads,
With heary briſtles which their chins beſpread
An Index of much magnanimitie,
Of Vertue, Valour, and Virilitie.

15.

By them do grow the kingcups like to gold,
with ſops in wine, that euery heart delights:
Which cups the Kings in cõpleměts do hold,
carouſing to their champions & their knights:
That in their ſeruice, for their honor fights:
Kiſſing the cup, and drinking to the health
Both of their kings, & of their Cõmonwealth.

16.

Next growes the blew cornuted Collumbine,
like to the crooked hornes of *Acheloy*
When he in ſhape and Metamorphoſin,
of mightie Bull, the wraſtler did annoy,
But yet the ſtriuer did this beaſt deſtroy:
And when this monſtrous battle did surceace,
His hornes became our threaſerhouſe of peace.

17.

There *Flora* takes them by their golden tips,
*Flora* that is our flouriſhing faire Queene,
And ſtraws & făneth forth her flowers & ſlips
with gaudie garlands girding *Albions* greene,
With Oliue branches that for peace haue bene:
Bleſt be our *Flora*, that ſo long hath borne,
This Cornu Copia, this ſame plenteous horne.

The

18.

The next my pretie Marygold diſplaies,
her golden bloome like to the ſunny beames
Spreading abroad her rich and radyent rayes,
reſembling *Titan* in his hotteſt ſtreames,
Euen in the glory of his Summer gleames:
So ſhynes my Marygold, ſo doth ſhe ſhowe,
So as ſhe ſeemes a ſecond Sun belowe.

19.

Who in the morning ſpreads her yealow haire
like to the blaze of golden *Phœbus* bright:
That maks the heuēly clymes to ſhine ſo clear,
illuminating all the world with light,
So ſhines my Marygold ſo faire in ſight;
Till in the darke when as the day is dun,
She cloſeth vp and ſetteth with the Sun.

20.

Thus proudly doth ſhe braue ſir *Phebus* ſhining
and ſeconds him both in his prime of morn,
And in the night euen at his downe declining,
ſetting the ſilly Sunburnt god at ſcorn,
As if that ſhe the ſoueraigne ſway had born,
Diſdaining things inferiour here that lies:
But lookes aloft, as Ladie of the Skies.

21.

On her attends the Daſie dearly dight,
that pretie Primula of Lady *Ver*,
As hand-maid to her miſtreſſe day and night,
ſo doth ſhe watch, ſo waiteth ſhe on her,
With double diligence and dares not ſtir,
A fairer flower perfumes not forth in May,
Then is this Daiſie, or this Primula.

22.

About her neck ſhe wears a rich wroght ruffe,
with double ſets moſt braue & broad beſpread,
Reſembling louely Lawn or Cambrick ſtuffe,
pind vp and prickt vpon her yealow head,
Wearing her haire on both ſides of her ſhead:
And with her countenance ſhe hath a caſt,
Wagging the wāton with each wynd and blaſt.

23.

Commend me to the yong ones of the Corte,
and marke how as the pretie Mophies ſits,
Wagging their countenance in ſeemely ſorte,
with modeſt bluſh that bewtie ſo befits,
Wyeling fond louers ſometime frō their wits:
So wags this wanton with a red complexion,
When as the Sun darts to her his reflection.

Heere

24.

Heere could I ſet you downe the Honyſuckle
the pretie Pinke and purple Pianet,
The Bugles, Boradge, and the blew Bottle,
the bonny Belamour and Violet,
And thriuing Thrift if men would gather it
With louely Lillies and the faire Narcis,
And *Venus* ſleepe at noone with *Adonis*.

25.

It were a worke of labour to vnfold
the priuate ſecrets of each priuie plant,
Therefore (my Muſe) go to the Marygold,
leaſt wit be wearied and thy ſences ſcant,
And paper, pen and Ink and all do want,
And in thy ſtudy ſpend a learned hower,
To grace and fauour that ſame golden flower.

26.

Downe once againe deſcend (oh holy dame)
infuſe me (*Flora*) with thy ſummers heate:
And fa my forehead with thy flowers of fame,
when as my temples they begin to ſweate,
And that my buſie braines & browes do beate.
Fan on apace (my Muſe) till I haue told
What did betide my maiden Marygold.

27.

It chanced once, the faire Cytherian Queene
came to this goodly Garden on a day:
And brings with her, falſe *Cupid* to this greene,
where ſhe and he begun to ſport and play,
Where *Venus* did the fair ſweet flowers ſuruay:
Who being pretie frolike in her ſport,
She ſpeaketh to her ſonne in this ſame ſort.

28.

My child quoth ſhe, & puls him by the chin,
and laies her other hand about his neck,
And with her lips ſhe culs and kiſſes him,
as ſhe were charmd, from giuing him a check,
Becauſe the boy was alwaies at her beck.
The flattering queen knew how to curry fauor
Who woed the wāton boy with bold behauior.

29.

My child ſaid ſhe, me thinks thou ſhuldſt haue (power,
to plague in loue, each Plant & tender ſpring,
And brand forth fiery flames on euery flower,
as thou doſt vſe and threat each other thing,
With bended bow of ſteele, & ſtubborn ſtring,
With ſhafts to ſhoot out, & ſharp headed darts
Wherewith thou cruelly doſt gall mens harts.

Why

30.

Why yes quoth *Cupid*, do but view this Vine,
mark but the ſweet imbracemēts of his brā-
And ſee his arms how wātōly they twine, (ches
and how his loines lie on his louers hanches,
Where *Venus* in his Vinyards he aduances,
Diſtilling *Nectar* beryes from aboue:
All which proceedeth from the God of loue.

31.

Hark how the Bay tree ſhe begins to breath,
and ſeems to ſigh as ſhe had languiſht long:
And with the wanton wind to wrig & wreath,
againſt the god that did the girle ſuch wrōg,
As I haue heard ſome ſing in *Ouids* ſong:
So that when all is ſaid and all is done,
This all you ſee is ſubiect to your ſonne.

32.

Then liſt quoth *Venus*, til my tale be told,
Long hath this Woodbine tree a woer beene
Vnto this proud diſdainfull Marygold,
the Viccar of a vaine vſurping Queene,
Checking the ſonne as I haue often ſeene,
Diſdaining both the heuēly powers proud Elf:
And flowting at all flowers but it ſelfe.

Thou

33.

Thou ſeeſt the Woodbyne is a tender tree,
that like a wanton winds about our wood,
His flowring forth as ſweet as ſweet may bee,
his youthfull ſap much like the luſtie blood,
In rules of Phiſick ſeene and counted good,
A Doctor, to delay this ſulty heat,
That ſweet hearts take in trauel of their ſweat.

34

How oft comes he with kingcups full of gold,
and as a preſent offereth to this flower,
And riches in great handfuls he doth hold,
rayning vpon her lap an Oryent ſhower,
Of Pearle, which mōgſt faire womē haue much
But al as naught hir nicitie neglects thē, (power
And euen as rags moſt rudely ſhe reiects thē.

35.

This ſpoke falſe *Venus* to her baſtard brat,
and when her iolly circumſtance was done,
The dame tuckt vp her cloaths & down ſhe ſat,
and all in haſte ſhe cals her litle ſonne,
And for to bend his bow ſhe firſt begun,
Then giue him ſhafts to practiſe all his power,
And bring the downfal of this dainty flower.

This

36

This cunning Archer aymeth at the marke
(mary at hittie missie is he tooting)
The Boy was blind as is the dazled darke,
and neuer suer, nor certaine in his shooting:
For oftentimes he fayleth in his footing.
As you shall heare how this same craftie child,
Euen in the brag of cunning was beguild.

37.

It chanct, a Bee came flying to this flower,
with hummng melodie, & bumming noyce:
And lights vpon her stalk euen at that stower,
for in his flowers he is very choyce:
Sitting & singing there with buzing voyce.
Working in sommer for his healthfull hiue,
That he in winter might the better thriue.

38.

He came but lately from the damaske Rose,
vnto my Marygould that shines so sunnie:
And got him there a paire of yealow hose,
of virgin waxe, all wet about with hunnie.
The sweetest wax that can be made for mony
With Meldeaw clam'd, and clagged were his knees,
To cary home, & bring vnto his Bees.

But

39.

But walladay, he was not there aware,
of *Cupids* ſhaft, nor of his ſudden clap:
The Hony catcher came vnto his care,
for there the ſilly flie receiued a rap:
(Alas poore Bumble buz, for thy ill hap)
For why the blinded boy (ay me for thee)
Did miſſe the golden bud, and gauld the Bee.

40.

But here I leaue the honey bird confounded,
that wofully aloft away did fling:
All vnto death he is moſt deeply wounded,
and ſtūg himſelf, that ſomtimes vſ'd to ſting:
Here muſt I leaue that hony bird of wing,
And tell how *Venus* waxed wrathfull wilde,
And red with anger at her reckleſſe childe.

41.

Blind baſtard (quoth the dame) what haſt thou done,
reckleſſe vnskilfull and vnluckie elfe?
Thou baſe begotten boy, and Cuckolds ſonne,
the ſorow of thy ſhaft light on thy ſelfe,
And plague the archer with his traſh & pelfe:
And breake thy bow, & ſhiuer ſhaft and dart,
And clean vnarme thee, blind boy as thou art.

Nay

42.

Nay then (quoth *Cupid*) mother you are blind,
that would not help to rule my ayme & me:
Vnles you had bene mad or out of mind,
you might haue ſeene at firſt I could not ſee:
But I haue ſhot, and that which will, will bee.
The Marygold muſt grow and floriſh faire,
And in the honey combe muſt liue all care.

43.

Behold the binder ſhall become a Bond,
Vnto this golden ſtem that here you ſee:
(Thinke not my propheſie for to be fond)
For he that once did bind the biggeſt tree,
vnto this tender twig, a bond muſt bee.
And to the good abearing muſt be ſtaide,
Vntill loues *Manumiſſum* it be made.

44.

The ſting that breeds vppon the hony britch,
delayes the deadly ſtinging of my dart:
And heals the wound and takes away the ſtitch,
and is a ſoueraigne ſalue againſt his ſmart.
Who like *Prometheus Griphin* gripes the hart,
So ſting for ſting, poyſon for poyſon (mother)
As in our nayles one driueth out an other.

Prat'ſt

45.

Prat'ſt thou quoth *Venus* of old Auguriſme?
com'ſt thou to tell me Beldams Oracles?
Telſt me of any ſect or ſouthſawe ſciſme?
Muſt I beleeue thy rables and thy Ridles?
And like a dunce doate on thy didle fidles?
In faith ſir no, for I haue ſworne, my power
Shall work the fatall end of this proud flower.

46.

To this her *Cupid* anſwered pretely,
how often (mother) haue I ſeene you ſhake
The beawtie and the ſplendor of this tree,
and of the Marygoulds, gay garlands make:
Yea you your ſelf to weare them for their ſake.
And on your locks to place the pretie ones,
Preferring them before the precious ſtones.

47.

How often haue I ſeene your Coatcher trot,
when you in pomp to *Paphos* Iſland ran?
How often (mother) haue I garlands got,
for euery Doue, and euery milk white Swan
That drew your Chariot & your gay waggan.
And make your prety Pidgions teams & yoaks
Of Mary-goulds to hang about their throats.

How

48.

How often haue the buds bene laid abroad
vpon the traces whereas you ſhould tread?
How oft haue they thy ſtately altars ſtrawd,
and we exalting there thy holy head,
Whilſt *Hymnes* wer ſũg,& ſacred Pſalms were ſed:
Me thinks I ſee how all the rabble runs,
Vnto thy Church,with chaines of golden ſuns.

49.

Thē(queen)accept the offſprings of this flower,
and offer not the golden Bud diſgrace,
For ſhe is pleaſing to thy princely power,
and therefore curſſe it not in any caſe:
I pray thee mother let my prayers take place,
And let her ſhine as doth the glimſing ſunne,
And do as well as ſhe tofore hath done.

50.

Thus *Cupid* ſaid,but ſee this ſelf-wild wench,
*Venus* ſhe brings a Brierhooke in her hand,
And cuts me down each border & green bēch
and all the ſhading ſhelter that did ſtand,
To guard the flowers from the filchers hand,
And letteth in a Northern vncoth aire,
That almoſt blaſted had her Bloomes ſo faire.

51.

Note that all miſchief commeth frō the North
for in his blaſt he bloweth Boreas in,
Who from his freezing harbour cōmeth forth,
with chilled cheekes and hory frozen chin,
His blood all thawne away & viſage thin:
His ſlauering beard and lips with ſpattle ſpewd
With drops of frozen Iſixles bedewd.

52.

He foamde his froth vpon her tender rynd,
and made her ſeeme as ſunſhine in a miſt:
And with a winter blaſt he blowes his wind,
beſlauering her, with ſluttiſhneſſe he kiſt,
And had bene withered there ere ſhe had wiſt
But that the blaze of ſunny beames by chance,
Diſſolu'd the ſtorme, & bleſt the tēder brāch.

53.

But now I will returne vnto the Bee,
the little Waſp and fillie wounded thing:
Who like a ſouldier from the victorie,
comes maymed home, his arme vpō a ſtring:
So droups this Bee, ſo hangs he down his wing,
Shewing the Marygold his mortall ſcarre,
Who vnto death was wounded in her warre.

His

54.

His hony it was turned into gall,
his wax that he about him long had borne,
The hony and the hony combe and all,
and all his britches from his buttocks torne,
Was from his body wasted and quight worne.
As sure if you had seene you would haue sed,
He had bene prisoner in the spyder web.

55.

His loyns were lean through fast & euil fare,
His legs & knees as cāmocks wer all crooked
That vp & down did carie him with care, (ked:
his horns that wer so strait, became both hoo-
Who like a litle spright or diuell he looked:
His breath not seruing him to buz or bum,
Nor scarce with any noise to heare him hum.

56.

Vnto this flower he falles downe on his knee,
iust at the roote that grew vpon the ground:
And said grant mercie Marygold on me,
and lend a leafe to lay vnto my wound,
That it might plaister me and make me sound.
For on thy branch I here did take my bane,
And here I hope to be recured againe.

57.

Denie me not (oh thou faire golden flower)
ſweet giue mee leaue a while that I might ſit
Vpon thy yealow head and worke an hower,
and for my hungry ſelfe ſome honey get,
For all is waſted, I haue not awhit.
I tell thee my diſtreſſe, to thee I ſhriue me,
I haue no helpe, vnleſſe thy ſelfe wilt hiue me.

58.

I will not (as the creeping canker) waſte thee,
nor as the worm in wodſear time beſpew thee,
I come not like the Butterflie to blaſt thee:
norwith foule deadly venom to bedeaw thee:
Ile leaue thee euen as freſh as earſt I knew thee:
Ile make my goldē ſhrub that ſhines ſo ſunny,
As ſweet as is the hony combe or hunny.

59.

With that (but I muſt tell you here a wonder)
and almoſt paſt my credit for to ſpeake,
This branch her biggen ſhe did burſt in ſunder
her haire vpon a ſudden on her neck,
That ſeemd to waue, and giue the Bee a beck:
And laid her leaues wide open there for him,
That vp aloft the Bee might better climb.

Vpon

60.

Vpon her flew the flie and ſuckt her ſweet,
and plaid full peartly with that pretie one,
And there full featly labourd with his feet,
and kiſt her, leaſt he ſhuld be deemd a drone:
Now bleſt be loue, for there was loue alone,
The Bee begins to find and ſtir his ſting,
Beleeue me (loue) thou art a wanton thing.

61.

There he receiues the deaw of hony drops,
and bathes his lims that were ſo leane & lank,
And in her circle vp and downe he hops,
and feeds apace and doth refreſh his flank,
And with her wax he ſtores his ſpindle ſhank,
And now the hony bird away doth ſtyue,
With bũming and with humming to his hyue.

62.

To buz of *Caltha* now the Bee was bold,
of *Caltha* now were all the Echos ringing:
For now no more he cals her Marygold,
but newes frõ Lady *Caltha* is he bringing,
Of faire ſweet Lady *Caltha* is he ſinging:
And vp and downe he flieth with her fame,
Till he vnto his hiue and harbour came.

63.

His Bees with welcõe roũd about him ſwarms
and bringeth him into his thatched home,
And marching all along like men at armes,
they place him in the higheſt hony come,
Where he as king doth keepe, and rules alone,
And all his ſubiects offering him their ſeruice:
For to diſarme him of his hony harmes.

64.

One doth his boots vnbutton from his ſhins,
an other helps for to vntie his hoſe:
An other wipeth hony from his wings,
that came from Lady *Caltha* and the roſe,
The which he gets when he his prograce goes.
And thus comd home with heuie drowſy hed,
Th'vnnũbred birds do bring their Bee to bed.

65.

And there he ſleeps & ſlumbers til the morne,
when he awakes and wipes his pinking eies,
And vp he ſtarts and bloweth like a horne,
where all his ſouldiers in a ſwarme do riſe,
Attending on him whereſoeuer he flies.
And he againe into his garden goes,
Whereas his Goddeſſe Lady *Caltha* growes.

There

66.

There ſit they round about & gards this flower
ſome making of their hony on the Mallow:
An other biting on the Bellamour,
an other like a little dapper fellow
Worketh on yarrow, making wax ſo yealow,
And euery Fly vnto his flower goes,
Some to the Red, ſome to the damask Roſe.

67.

Where hauing got their hony and their wax,
they come to *Caltha*, where their maiſter ſits,
And throws their hony Ierkins down & Iacks
and giues to him the gaine their labour gets.
Thus induſtrie his common welth befits:
So when they are diſloded of their ſtore,
They buz about, and flies away for more.

68.

In meane while this ſame mightie bumble Bee,
is framing of a Chappell for his Queene,
With ſtrange and coſtly Archetectury,
the rareſt ſight that euer yet was ſeene,
Of waxen worke, was neuer like I weene:
Pillers of hony combes with Piramis,
And ſtrong pilaſters of great ſtatelineſſe.

69.

And at one end there ſtands a proper ſteeple,
dawbing his height with hony for his lime:
And bels to ring in theſe ſame pretie people,
when as they take it to be ſeruice time,
To ſay their praiers, their Mattēs & their prime
And when this Chapell ended was and wald,
*La ſanta Caltha*, this ſame bee it cald.

70.

With Virgin wax he makes a hony alter,
and on it ſtands, the torches and the tapers,
Where he muſt ſing his Roſarye and Pſalter,
and pray deuoutly on his holy papers, (pers,
With book, with candlelight, with bels & clap-
And in the praiſe of Goddeſſe *Caltha* ſing,
That all the holy quier & Church may ring.

71.

Vpon this holy altar there doth ſtand,
The Coatch of *Phœbus* carued all of wax,
And there the migh.tie God with whip in hand
it ſeemes the winged Pegaſies he thwacks,
Laying good load of blowes vpon their backs:
And throgh the Regions they do ſeem to run,
Carrying faire *Caltha*, ſhining like the Sun.

When

72.

When this ſame holy Idoll he had done,
He cals his pretie people round about:
And maketh Prieſts and Preſbiters, and ſome
of Fryers & Monks he makes a rabble rout,
Of Clarks & Limitors to kneele and lowt,
And ther they take at this ſame preſent houre
The name of holy *Caltheans*, from this flower.

73.

The fame of theſe, and of this new religion,
was ſpred abroad with paſſing great report,
And rumor of it, rattles through each Region,
till that it came to Lady *Venus* cort,
God ſpeed my pen for heere begins the ſport:
For now doth *Venus* bite and beate her fiſts,
To be reuenged on theſe Calthaniſts.

74.

And calling *Cupid*, this her pretie Squire,
quoth ſhee, lets to theſe Heretiques in haſt,
And burne the bees, and ſet their hiues on fire,
And all their waxen ſuperſtitions waſt,
And charme their *Caltha* there that is ſo chaſt:
And bring her curſed Cannons to their care,
And plague her prelates with their prophane

75.

She ſends for all the Spyders ſhe could get,
and calleth for that mightie Cranyon:
Who doth his web and ſubtle engyns ſet,
and of the long legs brings he many a one,
With *Venus* to this garden are they gone,
Wher they the bees behold with buzing charm
As thick as flyes that in *Appuleia* ſwarm.

75.

There pitched they their toyles in euery gap,
and made their gloads the Bees for to beguile
And with their trammels many do intrap,
and fetters by the feete (alack the while)
Beware great būble buz of this ſame wile: (thee
For why the mightie Cranion comes to catch
If that thy warriors do not ward & watch thee.

78.

To *Caltha* is the craftie Spyder gone,
& weaueth there a witching web (god wot)
With ſubtle ſlender thrids and many a one,
where if thou goeſt, thy chance is to be got,
What Flye ſoeuer comes eſcapes it not:
And let him toyle ro come out of his gin,
The more he ſtriues, the ſurer is he in.

The

79.

The Cranion caſt his net vpon this flower,
that ſeemed like a wroght brāch vnder Lawn
And there it had not bene aboue an houre,
but comes the Bee, and to this bud is flowne,
(He had not made ſuch haſt if he had knowne)
But after wit hath very ſeldome thanks,
The Bee is got & ſhakled by the ſhanks.

80.

Now *Venus* figgeth, and in haſt ſhe runs,
and *Cupid* following after her doth fling:
And to this litle captiue priſoner comes,
whereas ſhe takes the bumble by the wing:
(For why ſhe was afraid the bee would ſting)
And piniond him that no where could he pas,
But there as priſoner vnto *Venus* was.

81.

She bids her boy, that wily wanton wag,
to hold him faſt, leaſt he ſhould flie away:
Whileſt ſhe had tyde a thrid about his leg,
and gaue him *Cupid* for to find him play:
As children do with litle birds they ſay.
And there the ſtring he holdeth in his hand,
Whileſt that the bee is buzzing in the band.

82.

The boy he gaue the bũble too much ſcope,
he found ſuch pretie gambals with the fly:
The Bee that had large compaſſe of his rope,
flew at his face, and ſtung him by and by:
Whereat poore *Cupid* he began to cry.
And from his fiſt the ioyfull bird is fled,
And from aloft, with ſtring about his leg.

83.

He durſt not flie where briers and buſhes were,
leaſt that the thrid ſhuld trap him in the trees,
But mounts aloft and houers in the Ayre,
till that he came vnto his little Bees,
That helps to pull the ſhackles from his knees.
And there Ile leaue him ſure and ſafe at home,
And tell how *Venus* doth her boy bemone.

84.

She vp and downe the Garden now doth gad,
to gather all the cooleſt hearbs that grow:
To phiſick and to leach her wounded lad,
whoſe face like to a blather blown doth ſhow:
As ſcarce his mother could her *Cupid* know.
And trying many precious plants that bee,
At length ſhe commeth to the woodbind tree.

And

85.

And going to his binding branch, that clung
like to a Serpent twining on a tree:
She told him, *Cupid* with a Bee was ſtung,
asking the flouer what phiſick ther might bee
To take away the ſtinging of the flee.
Who anſwered her like to a learned Clark,
Bēding with reuerence, both his rynd & bark.

86.

And ſaid in phiſick I haue had ſome toyle,
and for the Scorpions ſtinging I haue found,
Nothing can cure, but euen his proper oyle,
which being taken, ſalues and maketh ſound,
And eaſeth ſtraight the anguiſh of the wound.
So, for this Bee, the beſt and chiefeſt thing,
Is his owne hony, for to kill his ſting.

87.

Of late he came and light vpon my head,
and got much hony & his meldew wrought,
And when he went away, ſome of it ſhead,
and left behind where I the hony cought.
And looking towards *Cupid* thus he thought:
Woes me, that I muſt phiſick that ſame elſe,
And am not a phiſition for my ſelfe.

Alas

88.

Alas I am that wofull bond you ſee,
that vnto loues behauiour bydeth ſtill:
No phiſick nor phiſition makes me free,
vnleſſe faire *Caltha* graunt me her good wil,
For Lady *Caltha*, ſhe muſt cure or kill,
Who like the Nettle, left her ſting in me:
Worſe then the tongue or ſtinging of a Bee.

89.

But *Venus* puls his tree downe by the top,
and forth from this, his hollow horned flower
Much of his liquid Meldew there did drop,
that ſhedded out a pretie hony ſhower,
Healing her *Cupid* with it that ſame houre:
And now her onely care, is how that ſhe
Might be reuenged on *Caltha* and the Bee.

90.

But *Proſerpine*, the ſprowtix of our ſpring,
and ſoueraigne gouerneſſe of Hearb & Plant
That ſiluer *Cynthia* this ſweet horned thing,
muſt *Venus* ſubtle practiſe now preuent,
With all her malice and her mad intent.
And loe from forth her ſhining Orb ſhe goes,
Into this garden, whereas *Caltha* growes.

Her

91.

Her veſtall Virgins and her minions trots,
halling their Lencothea in her waggen,
And brings with thē their goodly garden pots
with water in the waterbearers flaggen:
The droughtie earth bedewing & bedagging,
And on this garden ſheds her heuenly ſhower,
Where water pearls in plētie ſhe doth power.

92.

She comes to *Caltha* to her brodered bed,
and taketh hold vpon her tender ſtalke:
This done, ſhe layes her hand vpon her head,
and mumbels in her mouth with whiſper talk,
And there in circle wiſe about did walk.
As Tragetors for ſpirits ſet their ſpels,
To coniure vp the Fairies or the Elues.

93.

She bends her branch, and bows it vp & down
and to the heauens ſhe doth exalt her eies:
And with a very feruent prayer doth frown,
looking aloofe vnto the loftie skies:
Somewhile to kneele, and otherwhiles to riſe.
Mouing her body with a modeſt motion,
As holy dames do vſe in deepe deuotion.

And

94.

And from the Center of her ſoule ſhe ſight,
& breathed vpō the flower a fuming vapour
Where *Caltha* feels the quickning of a ſpright,
and riſeth vp a comely ſweete faire creature,
With coūtenance and full wel fauored feature:
Her body ſlender, ſtraight and very euen,
Holding her head erected vp to heauen.

95.

Her golden yealow locks ſhe ſtill retaines,
that hangs along her lilly cheekes and chin:
Whereas the Crimſin Roſes comes & ſtaines,
that makes her ſeeme a perfect ſanguynine.
Her eyes like looking glaſſes Chriſtallin:
Her mouth with full plump forme yframed is,
For why the ful mouth, makes a full ſweet kis.

96.

Her breſt and nipples round as any Ball,
or like the pleaſant Apples of temptation:
That greedie *Adam* glutted him withall,
and fell in loue with, at the worlds creation:
That brought to vs this wofull deſolation.
Alas that bewtie at the firſt beginning,
Should be too blame, or ſhent for any ſinning.

Her

97.

Her belly like a Globe within his Spheare,
her vains the rules & points & learned lines,
That leads vnto that blessed country, where
much milk & *Nectar* flows, & plesant wines,
That chears mēs harts & maketh mery minds.
In that same happie land me thinks that I
With all my heart could dwell, & liue and die.

98.

But I must hide all that that nature hides,
my tongue cries truce I may not vtter it:
Although this wanton meriment decides
matters of silence, blame not you my wit,
For readers somtimes, crows with blind mē hit:
My modestie must leaue that thing in doubt,
His hap is somewhat though, that finds it out.

99.

Her thighes like pillars of faire Allablaster,
that do support the body of this Saint:
Where men must kneel thē down & Idolaster
vnto the Image of this Queene so quaynt,
That *Caltha* she may pittie their complaint,
And heare their happie Orysons and prayer,
When as her priest and people do come there.

100.

Now When *Diana* this her taske had done,
and framed all the molements of *Nature*:
She doth adorn this naked Nymph anō, (ture:
couering the ſeemly corps of this ſweet crea-
And firſt ſhe decks her head, her face & feature
And with a ſilken hairelace ties her locks,
That hangs like *Iaſons* golden fleece in flocks.

101.

She ties a Necklace vnderneath her chin,
of *Iaſper*, *Diamond*, and of *Topaſie*:
And with an Emrod hangs ſhe on a Ring,
that keepes iuſt reckoning of our chaſtitie:
That breaks when Virgins go to venerie.
And therefore (Ladyes) it behoues you well,
To walke full warily, when ſtones will tell.

102.

Her veſture and her vaile, was white as ſnow,
that mantle wiſe, this maiden did adorne:
And in her hand ſhe held a bended Bowe,
a Bawdrik on her back, and Bugle horne:
With quiuer, and with arrows ſharp as thorne,
With buskins buckled vp vnto her knees,
That ſcarcely reached to her naked theighs.

Now

103.

Now is she made *Dianas* hunting dame,
and to *Eurotas* banks, and *Cynthias* hill,
And vnto *Gargaphy* must seeke her game, (kill:
where she the Roes with Bucks & does must
With pleasure, sport, and pastime at her will.
And haue her springs and fountains fair & feat
To wash her skin from swink of sulty sweat.

104.

And now she takes her leaue of *Primula*,
and with a sigh she said, farewel sweet sister:
The wofull wench she wept to part away,
and down she fel vpon the ground & kist her,
And to remain a Virgins life she wisht her:
And said, I know mad *Venus* missing me,
Without all doubt will be reuengd on thee.

105.

And therefore sister *Primula* liue chaste, (make
wey not the words the flattering Queen can
Beware I say, (and then she her imbrac't)
and from her stalke a Dasie she did take,
And on her head she weares it for her sake:
And now with chaste *Diana* is she gone,
Faire *Primula* the Dasie left alone.

106.

Now *Venus* ſhe determines in her mind,
to come and puniſh *Caltha* and to kill her:
And flieth down poſte, with an Eaſterne wind,
that brings the Canker & the Caterpiller:
With poyſon for to blaſt her and to ſpill her:
And ſure the ſilly dame had curſt that day,
Had ſhe not gone with chaſte *Dian* away.

107.

But now when *Venus* ſaw that ſhe was croſt,
and *Caltha* gone from Lady *Primula*:
And ſeeing now her labour all was loſt,
ſhe would not haue the Caterpillers ſtay:
But with the wind ſhe ſends them all away.
And now faire *Primula* in *Calthas* ſtead,
Muſt like and loue, and looſe her maidenhead.

108.

Vpon the place & ground where *Caltha* grew,
a mightie Mandrag there did *Venus* plant:
An Obiect for faire *Primula* to view,
reſembling man from thighs vnto the ſhank:
With leaues & vaines & mẽbers ram and rank,
With long large loyns frõ flank vnto the foote,
That in the earth ſtuck with ragged roote.

His

109.

His parts of ſhame like *Socrotheus* fleſh,
ſwolne without mean, my wanton muſe muſt
Althogh't be foule & ful of filthineſſe: (tuch,
then blame me not althogh I write thus much:
A loathſome ieſting ſhape he ſeemd, & ſuch
As modeſt *Primula* did ſtand in doubt,
Whether that ſhe ſhould loath or laugh it out.

110.

As if a maide ſhould ſee ſome wanton ſight,
you know ſhe claps her hands vpon her eies,
And winketh at it wilde, and bluſheth ſtraight,
and tuſh, and puſh, & fie for ſhame ſhe cries:
Yet muſt ſhe laugh at it in any wiſe. (coy,
And through her fingers looks, with coũtnance
And tyhie cries, at that ſame pretie toy.

111.

So at bo peepe this pretie ſprowt did play,
ſometimes her hed vnto the Mandrag heaues,
And ſometimes (half aſham'd) would *Primula*
looke downe againe, and lap her in her leaues:
This luſtie wanton bud her wits bereaues.
Thus in the middeſt of their merry doing,
Away went *Venus*, leauing them a woing.

112.

And to the Calthean Bees the Queen is gone,
with ſpungie Paddocks and the foule fusball
For to deſtroy and ſmother euery one,
and bring the mightie bumble Bee in thrall,
And harme his hony and his hiue and all: (thē,
And chaſe them from their Cabinets & choak
And frō their holes and hony combs to ſmoke (them.

113.

And ſuddenly or any of them wiſt,
comes in a vapour like a roakiſh Ryme:
And ther the bees amazed with this ſame miſt,
came ſwarming forth their hiues, for it was
And vp aloft into the ayer they climbe. (time:
Some here, ſom ther, ſom hither, & ſom thither,
And beeing blind, they flewe they knew not (whether.

114.

The maiſter Bee into his garden goes,
to cleanſe him from the filth of this ſame Fus,
And there he thinketh yet that *Caltha* growes
but thou art now deceiu'd (poor bumble buz)
That flower with faire *Dian* is gone from vs:
And in her place he ſpies a Mandrag ſpring:
And now poore Bee, thy ſorrowes do begin.

He

115.

He voweth now for to forſake his hiue,
and like a Pilgrim ſpend his latter daies:
(Gods be his ſpeed and ſend him wel to thriue)
for now he meanes to wander vncoth waies,
And like an Hermit, he himſelfe arraies:
That ſafely he might wander vp and downe,
And ſeek ſtrãge coũtries far, that be vnknown.

116.

He made himſelfe a paire of holy beads,
the fiftie Aues were of Gooſeberies:
The Pater Noſters and the holy Creeds,
were made of red & goodly fair ripe cheries:
Bleſſing his Marygold with Aue-maries.
And on a ſtaffe made of a Fennell ſtalk,
The beadrowle hangs, whileſt he alõg did walk.

117.

And with the flower mũkshood makes a coole
and of a gray Dock got himſelfe a gowne:
And looking like a Fox or holy foole,
he barbs his litle beard, and ſhaues his crown,
And in his pilgrimage goes vp & downe.
And with a Wabret leafe he made a wallet,
With ſcrip to beg his crums & pike his ſallet.

118.

For here me now, ſince that vnhappie houre
that loue was ſtung (you know) not lōg agone,
He neuer hony got from any flower,
but did become a drowſie heauie drone,
Slothfull and careles in his hony combe:
And there the idle droane Bee he doth eate,
The ſweetneſſe that is got by others ſweate.

119.

And by the way, for ſweete ſaint Charitie,
he begs his largies of th'outlandiſh Hiues:
Where hauing had their liberalitie,
they ſed him packing & the Droanbee driues
To beg and liue amongſt the idle liues:
And farre and neare, further then I can tell,
He goes whereas the ougly Hornets dwell.

120.

He paſſed throgh *Appuleia*, mongſt the flyes,
and to that country where the ſcorpions are:
And to a kingdome of *Cantaradyes*,
whereas the Gnats and biting gadflies were,
That feard, the bumblebee from biding there.
But with his bag and baggage is he gone,
Wādring the world in vncoths far vnknowne.

121.

At length he lights on famous *Epheſus*,
where chaſte *Diana* and her veſtals bee,
And now full wearie flies to *Platanus*,
an aged and an auncient hollow tree,
Where he muſt reſt a while(poor fainting flee)
Preciſely looking leaſt the ſpider webs
Were lurking there to catch him by the legs.

122.

Now hauing got his ſleepe and quiet reſt,
his morning Mattins doth he buz and ſing:
And being rowſed from his ſluggiſh neſt,
with lauds and Letanies aloft did fling,
And flieth now abroad with burgond wing,
And ſaieth his Pſalmiſts in his ſurſurare,
With *Pater Noſter*, and with *Aue Marie*.

123.

And whileſt this runnagate about did roue,
it hapned that by chance he did repaire,
Vnto a gladſome and a goodly Groue,
whereas *Diana* and her veſtals were,
And *Caltha* too (vnknowne to him)was there
Where all the traine aſſembled in that place,
For to attend and guard *Dianas* grace.

124.

Some ſits thē down & gathereth green buſhes
and others very buſie do begin:
To weaue their litle baskets of Bulruſhes,
to put their hearbs & all their flowers in:
Leaſt that they ſcatter them in gathering,
An other daintily her ſelfe doth deck,
With garlands for to weare about her neck.

125.

Som makes their ſprints & pitfals for the thruſh
and very buſie round about they ſtird:
An other laſſe ſhe comes and beats the buſh,
and by your leaue, an other takes the bird:
And ſport alone, for Lady and for Lord.
And in a Cage that he muſt learne to ſing,
But ſoft and faire, not till the next year ſpring.

126.

There Lady *Caltha* in her lap ſhe holds,
and had her skirt her Apron full and all,
Of double Daſies and of Marygolds,
and there ſhe pins and pricks thē on her Call:
(Now fine and feate and faire might ſhe befal)
For on her locks the flowers ſtick and ſtay,
Euen for her ſelfes ſake, and faire *Primula*.

The

127.

The Bee no ſooner ſpies theſe Marygolds,
but to the yealow flowers he is fled:
And lights vpon her locks that lay in rowles,
buzing & huzing round about her head:
Till at the length he ſits vpon her ſhead.
But there faire *Caltha* would not let him ſtay,
For with a buſh, ſhe beats the Bee away.

128.

Yet from the Marygolds he would not flie,
nor from her preſence will he ſo depart:
Although by them firſt came his miſerie,
and whylom wounded was vnto the heart,
(As you haue heard of late) throgh *Cupids* dart.
Yet would he not away, but buſie there,
The Bee is buzing round about her eare.

129.

Whereat faire *Caltha* ſtrikes him to the groūd,
and hits the Fly full often with her fiſt:
The bumble Bee would vp againe rebound,
and be vpon her head ere ſhe had wiſt:
Then would ſhe ſtrike againe, and oft ſhe miſt.
Whereat the Ladies they would laugh to ſee,
What ſport there was, twixt *Caltha* & the Bee.

But

130.

But as the Fly that with the candle mocks,
and plaies ſo long til he hath burnt his wings,
So is this Bee entangled in her locks,
and fetterd in theſe golden yealow ſtrings,
And by the feet he in her trammels hings.
And now the Lady *Caltha* ſhe doth crie,
Whileſt that *Diana* comes to catch the Flie.

131.

The bird now taken from her golden locks,
faire *Caltha* is deſirous of the Fly,
And takes the Bee, and puts him in a box,
and cals for hony for him preſently,
And makes his bed of Roſes by and by:
And Marygolds with pillowes of the Daſie,
That he might lie full lither and full lazie.

132.

Whereat *Diana*, at Lady *Caltha* laught,
& askt, what ſhe wold do with that ſame droan
And ſaid þ ſlothful thing was good for naught,
But for all that, ſhe lets the Bee alone,
And from her box ſhe will not haue him gone:
But there the pretie Fly he takes his reſt,
Whileſt that ſhe told *Diana* this ſame ieſt.

Good

133.

Good Madam when I grew a garden flower,
*Venus* and *Cupid* came to ſhoote at me:
And thē it chanc't (ſweet Lady) at that ſtower,
I was defended by a litle Bee:
Who bleſt my branch from his artillerie.
And by good luck and fortune thither came,
To put the cunning Archer from his ayme.

134.

For whileſt the Bee was biting of my bloome,
by chance my body vp and downe he ſtird:
So that the Archer did at randome rome,
and miſt my branch and gauld the little bird:
(The bee was in the box & heard that word)
But forwards went they (thinking that the Flie
Had neuer heard this tale, nor bene ſo nie.)

135.

Now euer ſince (good Madame) pardon me,
of all the pretie little fooles that flie,
I loue the beſt the hyued hony bee,
and he ſhall be my bird, vntill I die:
With all his noyce and humming harmonie.
And let the painted Butterflyes and Flees
Liue where they liſt, Ile loue the hony Bees.

With

136.

With that ſhe openeth the litle Coffer,
and ſhakes a Marygold vnto the Bee:
The Bumble nods his head,& makes an offer,
& come bird com (quoth *Caltha*) come to me
With ſo ho ho,and wo ho ho cries ſhe,
And whiſtled too,and chirped with her lips,
With that the Bee out of his box he skips.

137.

And as the Hawke reclaimed from his neſt,
and being full well managed and mand,
He comes and flies to Lady *Calthas* fiſt,
and takes the golden pray at her faire hand:
And on the top of this ſame flower doth ſtand.
Not offering once to flie from her away,
But ſubiect to the Ladies lewre doth ſtay.

138.

This prints a ſtrange impreſſion in her ſoule,
this Simpathy betwixt her and the Bee:
Did halfe perſwade her,that this was the ſoule,
and abſolutely ſaid,this is the Flee,
That ſaued my flower when *Cupid* ſhot at mee.
This ſaid, *Diana* ſware,that ſhe would try,
And through her ſacred art,transform the Fly.

Now

139.

Now doth ſhe frame her metamorphoſin,
And with her bleſſed bookes of diuination,
She commeth to transforme and coniure him,
And ſtrangely workes his tranſumtation,
Caſting her iuſt count of his conſtellation:
And ſuddenly the bumble Bee as than,
Did take the ſhape and very forme of Man.

140.

All ſauing that betwixt his legs and thies,
his ſecrets were not ſeene at all, but gone:
The wanton dames could ſpie no priuities,
For in that place where ſhuld be one was none:
That thing was loſt when he became a Drone:
For ſince it ſtung and ſtuck in *Cupids* cheekes,
He miſt it in his buttocks and his breekes:

131.

At this ſame foule defect (quoth faire *Dian*)
throughout the world it neuer ſhall be ſaid:
That I haue framd a monſter of a man,
but alwaies I a perfect creature made:
And once againe ſhe tries her charming trade
And caſt this new ſhapte man into a ſlumber,
Whileſt ſhe had wrought this rare & mightie
(wonder.

142.

From forth the Hawthorne hedge ſhe plucks a (thorne,
and works and makes his picture all of wax:
And as a child that muſt be newly borne,
ſhe pricks the hawthorn wher his ſecrets laks,
And in that place appeares his priuie knacks:
And frō his ſleep throgh wiſards ſtrange cuēts,
He riſeth vp with all his implements.

143.

Now *Caltha* comes to him, and ſhe muſt know
if this ſame new made mā wer that ſame bee:
Or this ſame buſie Bumble yea or no,
that ſat vpon her yealow golden tree,
When *Cupid* ſhot at her with venerie:
And chargd and diſchargd at him with a ſmile,
Till he the truth had told to her the while.

144.

I was quoth he the very ſelfeſame Fly,
that ſometimes ſat vpon thy yealow lock:
I tell thee faire ſweet *Caltha* it was I,
that gathered hony on thy ſtem and ſtock,
When *Cupid* at my very hartſtrings ſhot,
I was the Fly for whom falſe *Venus* ſet,
Her ſpyders for to traine me in a net.

I was

145.

I was that Bumble, who for thy ſweete ſake,
like to a theefe was tied and bound in band:
And me a captiue priſoner did ſhe make,
Where I by chance eſcapte frō *Cupids* hand.
And by good luck am com'd into this land,
And loſt my Bees, not one of them aliue,
And I my ſelfe here driuen from my hiue.

146.

Now *Caltha* doth enquire for *Primula*,
the man made anſwer, that ſhe floriſht faire:
And in the foreſaid Garden ſhe did ſtay, (were
but in the roome (good madam) where you
A mandrag hath dame *Venus* planted there:
A filthy obiect for faire *Primula*,
And there the monſter of all flowers doth ſtay.

147.

But here *Diana* comes and breaks their talk,
and takes the man aſide and goeth her waies:
And now the whileſt that ſhe and he did walk,
ſhe asked him, & gently to him ſayes, (daies?
What pleaſure couldſt thou wiſh to paſſe thy
Ask what thou wilt, demand & thou ſhalt ſee,
It ſhall be ſurely granted vnto thee.

148.

Then madam(ſaid he)when I was a Bee,
I ſpēt my dayes amōgſt the flowers ſpringing
And merie made me with my melody,
with buzingand with huzing alwaies ſinging,
Whileſt to my Bees,my hony I was bringing.
So that I ſtill retaine in diſpoſition,
And much would giue, to be a good muſition.

149.

And now *Diana* doth preſent the man,
with learned Lutes,& fineſt Virginals:
With deepe Bandoras Diapaſan,
and with the cleare well ſounding Clarigals,
With ſubtle Sagbut,and the loud Cimbals,
And with that beſt beloued lulling Lyer,
With other wanton Inſtruments of wyer.

150.

The Kingly Harp,for and the courtly Citherē,
the Solace, Vyols,and the Vyolins:
The litle fidling Kit,and ancient Gittern,
with thoſe ſame faire and famous Orpherins,
With Bagpipes,Cornets,and the Cymphanins.
And now no more ycleape him bumble Buz,
But call him by the name of *Muſæus*.

Now

151.

Now *Muſæus* is maiſter of that Art,
and onely rare muſitian in that land:
Who cunningly can play his prickſong part,
with ready Aroake, & nimble learned hand,
With ſweet deuiſion of profound deskand:
His diſcords with true concords to agree,
Which oft is ſeene in *Muſiques* ſubtletee.

152.

In Tablatury doth he take much paine,
and by his learned line his rule and rod:
He pricks downe quauers in his pleaſant vaine,
and merily he driues a minim od,
Which maketh muſicke for the mightie God.
With cratchets, Semibriefs, with large & lōgs,
That cloſeth vp ſweet ends in all our ſongs.

153.

Long liued he amongſt theſe louely laſſes,
and was their chief delight & onely treaſure:
And taught ỹ dames to dāce their cinquepace,
and for to foot & tread their ſolemn meaſure,
And long he ſported with them at his pleaſure,
Till *Caltha* ſhe deſirous on a day,
Muſt needs ſend to her ſiſter *Primula*.

154.

And now the good *Muſæus* he muſt go,
and vnto her preſent his minſtralcy,
And this muſition he muſt let her know,
her ſiſter *Caltha* greets her louingly:
With commendation of kind curteſie.
And ſends a Tutty in her hand to hold,
Of double Daſies and the Marygold.

155.

And now he takes his leaue and *Caltha* kiſt,
and ties a baſe bumfiddle at his back:
That hangs vpon a bawdrick of blew liſt,
much like vnto a paltry Pedlers pack,
That ſags vpon his ſhoulders till they crack:
That made the little fidling fellow hutch,
As he had gone his crookback with a crutch.

156.

His bagpipes at his girdle you might ſee,
forth of his bag put out his drone or baſe:
That būd like him which was the humble Bee,
and there they lay within a leather caſe:
To keep them in their tune, and in their grace.
And vnderneath his armeholes & his elbowes
He had his blaſts, his ſurflats & his bellowes.

And

157.

And all the way whereas *Muſæus* comes,
he begs his bread with his ſweet melody:
And pipes and plaies and fidles for his crums,
and is rewarded for his harmony.
In euery countrey, and in euery Citie,
Till that he came to famous *Nycol* Towne,
Wherein full wearie ſits the fidler downe.

158.

And reſts him that ſame night (for it was late)
till morne when he vnto the Garden comes:
And raps apace and knocketh at the gate,
and to the doore the litle *Cupid* comes,
And ſpies the fidlers baſe, and bagpipe bums:
And vnto *Venus* ſaid her litle Ape,
A fidler mother, yonders at the gate.

159.

The mother now, as wanton as the boy,
runs to the garden doore and welcomes him:
And glad with all her heart, ſhe laughs for ioy,
and brings the piper and the fidler in:
And now the feaſt muſt hold and needs begin.
*Muſæus* comes vnto the nuptiall day,
Betwixt the Mandrag, and faire *Primula*.

160.

The tables they were ſtrewd with ſtrawberies,
with bottles and with flaggons full of wine:
With daintie damſes & the chopping cheries,
with ſeates and arbors made with Eglentine,
With wanton luie and the twining Vine:
And there do ſit a bench of faire Ladies,
Of Linſs & Nymps and theſe ſame lightfoote (faieries.

161.

At vpper end ſet *Primula* the bride,
Minſing demurely, wagging with her head:
The mandrag & the bridſgroome by her ſide,
that did attend her fairnes whileſt ſhe fed,
And gaue her wine & cracknels with cakebred:
And now dame *Venus* bids *Muſæus* play,
And there was ſport alone for that ſame day.

162.

Now doth he tune and temper all his ſtrings,
and pleaſeth theſe ſame faire and pretie folk:
And ſometimes playes and then *Muſæus* ſings,
whileſt that the flaggōs ful of wine do walke,
And now the litle Ladies tongues do talke,
And riſeth vp to dance and figs their breeks,
Whilſt coral wine doth ſtaine their lilly cheeks.

Thus

163.

Thus paſſed they the day with iolly hed,
till night was come, whē as each daintie dame
Muſt get the bride & bridſgroom both to bed,
that they may go about that mery game,
To cauſe their choller and their courage tame:
And in the night to ſpend the wanton howers,
To plant and get ſome other prety flowers.

164.

Of peſcods were their boulſters & their pillows
the downbed it was of a faire greene dock:
The ſheets they lay vpō, wer leaues of willows
he in his ſhert, and ſhe in her fine frock.
And there was playing with her curled lock.
And now ile leaue them in their ſweet delight,
And bid the bride & bridſgroome both good night.

165.

Now be the bridemaids in their bony bowers,
and coutcht full cloſely in the ſummer Tent:
Within the faire greene arbors and the flowers,
to reſt them after this mad meriment,
That all the day in Tomboyes play had ſpent.
And what they ſaw by day, ỹ night they dream
But what it was, that what I cannot mean.

166.

Now *Venus* and the craftie fidler goes,
into a cloſe faire arbour for to walke:
Adornd with darnecks of the Damask Roſe,
whileſt *Venus* enters into this ſame talke,
And proudly in her ſtatelineſſe doth ſtalke:
And toong-ripe in her rhetorick doth run,
And to *Muſæus* thus her tale begun.

167.

*Muſæus* quoth ſhe, I muſt tell thee here,
within this garden haunts a bumble Bee:
But by the way, ile bind thee for to ſweare,
not to reueale, or prate my priuitie:
But ſilence vſe in this my ſecreſie.
And ſweares the fidler to his good abearing,
Whileſt her faire ſweet lips were the bookes of (ſwearing.

168.

Fidler quoth ſhe (ſo forwards on her tale)
I haue ſo often plagued this ſame Bee:
And many times haue made him ill to ayle,
as I am very fearfull of the flee,
That he will come and be reuengd on mee.
And therefore fidler watch me leaſt I ſlumber,
And ſo the Bumble come and do me cumber.

The

169.

The good *Muſæus* anſwered her grace,
and ſaid (ſweet Lady) take no thoght for that,
And forthwith from his crowd or fiddle caſe,
he cuts a peece of leather as he ſat,
And makes a butchers bable or flee-flap.
That if the bũble Bee come thither humming,
*Muſæus* ſweares, his bable it ſhall bumme him.

170.

In meane while is he ſcraping on his crowd,
onely to keepe the wanton Lady waking:
And in the Ela note he fiddles lowd,
whileſt that ſhe laugheth at his mery laking:
And much cõmends the mirth ỹ he is making.
And from her litle finger takes a Ring,
And giues *Muſæus* it, and bids him ſing.

171.

The fidler ſingeth like a Nightingale,
and now his ballad and his ſong muſt bee,
Intituled, a Grandam or an old wiues tale,
the coniuring or charming of the Flee,
And here the ſong ile ſet you downe to ſee:
That pretie courtly Ladyes may it keep,
To bleſſe them frõ the Bumble ere they ſleep.

*The Charming of the Bee.*

172.

Auant from vs falſe bumble Bee,
in thy buſie buzing:
And come not here thou craftie Flee,
harme not in thy huzing.
Fly farre inough prodigious Fowle,
in thy bitter ſtinging:
Worſe then the ſcrytching ougly Owle,
neuer good luck bringing.
In thy comming or thy bumming,
If thou commeſt hither humming,
thou falſe bumble Bee,
In thy ſwarming and thy harming,
If thou chance within my charming,
*Exorciſo te.*

173.

Beware I ſay thou litle bird,
of my leather flee flap:
And come not here nor hitherward,
leaſt it reach a ſound rap:
For it ſhall beate thy litle bum,
Here me pretie fellow,
And clap it thriftly if thou come,
harken what I tell you.

In thy comming or thy bumbing,
if thou comeſt hither humming,
thou falſe Bumble Bee.
In thy ſwarming and thy harming,
if thou chance within my charming.
*Exorciſote.*

174.

*In nomine O domine,*
defend vs from this Drone:
And charme this hurtfull hony Bee,
to let vs here alone.
A way thou foule and feareſull ſpright
and thou litle diuel:
I charge thee come not in our ſight,
for to do vs euil.
In thy comming or thy bumbing,
if thou comeſt hither humming,
thou falſe bumble Bee,
In thy ſwarming and thy harming,
if thou chance within my charming,
*Exorciſote.*

Now

175.

Now when *Muſæus* ended had his ſong,
he turnes to *Venus*, and in looking back:
He ſpies the Lady there lard all along,
and now the fidler finds her in a nap,
And layes away his fiddle and flee. flap:
And downe he lies, and leanes vpon her hips,
And licorouſly he kiſt the Ladies lips.

176.

Now whether that this Lady ſlept or no,
or winked wild, as little wantons vſe:
There will I leaue you, for I do not know,
iudge of it as you liſt, for you may chuſe:
And me I pray you heartily excuſe.
But there the fidler found an inſtrument,
That makes him mirth & much mad merimẽt.

177.

And now *Muſæus* playes his Minſtrels priſe,
the perfect of the more his moode he made:
Bearing what ſhould be hidden, and his eyes
prie wher he thinks moſt deſcãt might be had
Straining beyond *E la*, *Venus* to glad.
And this he found, that muſick pleaſeth beſt,
Whoſe moode by prick, in circle is expreſt.

179.

But there I know not how he playd or prickt,
but ſure it is, and eertaine too, that ſhe
Forthwith vpon a ſudden flung and kickt,
and cryed out, the Bee, the Bee, the Bee:
Help fidler, for the Bumble hath ſtung me.
Then quoth *Muſæus* all our quarels ends,
And let vs kis good madam, and be friends.

180.

I was the Bee that bit the Marygold,
I was (oh faire Cytherian Queene) that Bee,
Yea that ſame bumble thou didſt plague of old
when thou bad ſhoot, & *Cupid* ſhot at mee,
Now haue I hit the marke and ſhot at thee:
The ſcantlin won, the winners muſt cry whup,
The goale is got, and now the game is vp.

181.

With that the Queene ſhe fals into a lafter,
and ſcarcely would beleeue this Riddeller:
But in the end as you ſhall here hereafter,
She knew that it was he that ſhot at her:
And out of all her doubt did remoue her.
Now was the morning, and the Sun it ſhone,
And to the Bride and Brideſgroome are they
(gone.

182.

The brid ſgroome he lay lolling in his bed,
and all his leaues he litherly diſplayes:
The pretie Bride was combing of her head,
to ſpred and open with the mornings raies,
As is her maner and her vſe alwaies.
And frō the arbors & the freſh green burrows
Comes *Venus* & *Muſæus*, with good morrows.

183.

Vnto the Bride *Muſæus* doth preſent
himſelfe, and *Calthas* commendations:
With that ſweet Noſegay which her ſiſter ſēt,
and many other gentle ſalutations,
The which he greeteth her with gratulations:
And *Primula* ſhe takes the Tutty there,
And ſticks it on her yealow golden hayre.

184.

And makes an other prety noſegay too,
and binds her double Daſies altogither:
And *Muſæus* muſt vnto *Caltha* go,
and in a water pot (leaſt that they wither)
To *Epheſus* muſt carry thoſe ſame thithēr:
And bring her newes from *Nycol* town I ſay,
Of her faire ſiſter, Lady *Primula*.

And

185.

And *Venus* takes a Iewel from her hat,
which was a yealow golden Cockle ſhell:
And *Muſæus* muſt giue faire *Caltha* that,
and ſay, the Lady *Venus* loues her well:
And more then that this traueller muſt tell.
That if this garden ſhe will once more take,
She ſhall be welcome for the fidlers ſake.

116.

And now ſhe goes vnto the Woodbine Tree,
and breaks his branch, that long hath bin bee,
And giues it vnto *Muſæus*, that he
may giue it vnto Lady *Calthas* hand,
To ſend her *Manumiſſum* to this land.
And weare his branch about her, & in wearing,
Wear out the bond frō this his good abearing.

187.

And thus the faire ſweet Lady *Primula*,
deuotes her ſelfe to *Venus* now from vs:
And *Caltha*, with *Diana* gone away,
the Bee reuengd in ſhape of *Muſæus*,
The Bond he hopes to heare from *Epheſus*.
All quarels ended, and we all cry truce,
Vntill the fidler come to bring more newes.

*FINIS.*